Boston, Nov. 14, 1835.

My dear Wife:

I recal nearly all the first page of my last letter. It seems that you were neither dilatory nor forgetful, but a prompt and affectionate woman. Your letter, however, did not reach me so soon by Mr. May, by twenty-four hours, as it would have done by regular course of mail. So, hereafter, I shall put a veto upon him as a mail-carrier between Brooklyn and Boston.— Still, I am very much obliged to him, as he brought the letter without charging any postage!

Well — I expected it. Expected what? Why, a gentle scolding for speaking of Mrs. Garrison's "delicate" state of health, in the Liberator. My dear wife is much more sensitive than the Queen of England, in a matter like this. But necessity was laid upon me thus to write, in order to exculpate myself from the base charge of cowardice, preferred against me by the newspaper press. I beg your pardon — or, rather, it is the duty of the mob to ask pardon of us both, for reducing us to such a dilemma. When I see you, I will kiss you, and make it all up. When will that be? Not as soon, perhaps, as you expect, or I could desire; for I have many things to occupy me, and a long trip to take, before I can be permitted to see Grey Mare Hill, or John Grey's house. In the first place, we have had all kinds of weather but the right kind for moving household goods — and therefore my despatch has been nothing but delay.

Yesterday, however, there was something like a rational pause in the elements, of which I took advantage, and removed a large portion of the furniture. On Monday, I hope to get the remainder removed, and thus effect a double removal, to wit, of the goods from the house, and of trouble from my mind. Mrs. Mayo will have the use of our sofa, pier glass, and rocking-chair — the last, you know, is in a cripple state, but may prove serviceable in teaching a lesson of patience. The clock, Clarkson's Portrait, and the First of August, I shall send to the Anti-Slavery office. The Westons have agreed to take charge of puss; (though she, or more truly he, has again decamped,) — and what is better, they have agreed to hire Christiana, who has been to see them, and agreed upon the terms. I think it will be an excellent place for her — don't you? As to our house, I have not seen Mr. Viral, and shall no doubt have to pay rent for it until he can let it. Was ever married man more unfortunate with houses? Four times within sixteen months have I removed my furniture, and we have the authority of Benjamin Franklin* for saying that three removals are as bad as a fire; so that I have had one fire and a ~~quarter~~ third! — By the way, speaking of house-rent — I have got mine from my Roxbury tenant, promptly — and I have paid it all over, and more too, to Miss Sumner. The Sumners were, as usual, quite polite and chatty — they inquired particularly after Mrs. Garrison, and hoped she would visit them — declared that I was too good a man to be mobbed — &c. &c. And I?

I have visited Dr. Windship's, and seen him and his wife. They are well, and had many kind things to say about you. They hope we shall come to Roxbury again. I forgot to ask them whether they would insure us against mobs.

Now, about my trip. I don't wish to take it, but I must. It is to New-York — to settle the embezzlement case of brother Thompson, by consulting the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, so as to determine upon the manner of vindicating his character. I go by appointment, and at the earnest request, of our Board. It shall be my earnest endeavor to reach Brooklyn on Saturday — but I may be detained longer. It is hard to be separated, dearest, even for a few days, under the happiest circumstances. Ought we not then to pity the poor slaves?

While I talk of going south, brother Henry has gone east. Mr. May and I have just bade adieu to him at the wharf. He sails in a packet for Eastport, and will go from thence in a steam-boat to St. John, carrying with him brother Thompson's trunks and boxes. I hope his trip will be healthful and prosperous. He will probably be absent two or three weeks. Our friends have sent by him a large number of kind letters for Mr. T. Mrs. T. is still remaining at Mrs. Southwick's, but will leave for New-York next week.

I am glad that Abby Blank has written to you, and that you have so kindly replied to her. Henry visited her at Mrs. Lovering's on Thursday evening. She expressed much sorrow because you were treated so coldly by her brother, and seemed to be sad because Mr. Knapp had not replied to her notes.

This, I suppose, will find dear brother George in Brooklyn. How we have dodged each other since the riot! As I expect to return by the way of Norwich or Hartford, it is not probable that I shall see him for some time. He knows I love him and his.

What a change in the weather! It is not quite so cold as Greenland — but cold enough to force me to put on my robin and drawers,

Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,
79 Brooklyn,
Connecticut.

Our city is quiet enough. The piece in the Liberator, to-day, respecting the Mayor, will probably make some talk. The ladies hold their meeting at Francis Jackson's house, next week. O'Connell, in his speech, calls our pro-slavery mobocrats, "two-legged wolves."

Love to father, mother, brother and sisters, &c. and believe me, with unabated affection,

Your devoted husband,

W. L. G.